

Newport



Merrill

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

VOLUME XCV.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1856.

NUMBER 4,922.

The Newport Mercury.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
M. COGGESHALL & F. A. PRATT.
GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.
At the Old Stand—No. 123 Thames Street
TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75 in
advance. Payment is made strictly in ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the lowest
rates. Delusion made to those who advertise by
the year.

No paper discontinued (unless at the op-
tion of the Proprietors) until arrears are paid.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of Time,
Evermore a world emerges,
Solomon, beautiful, sublime;
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mild the music and the balms,
Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

Agriculture.

How we did it.—Some twelve years
since, my father bought a farm which was
"worked to death," as the neighbors said.
Well, we found out how it had been worked,
when we put a heavy team and new
plough to work, and the virgin soil was
turned up six inches below the four inches
worked to death. Our neighbors prophesied
a failure, and when our crops vied
with and exceeded their own, they were
full of surmises as to the "wonderful stran-
ger" so successful in renewing such till-
killed soil.

"What manure did you put on that
field?" A neighbor asked my father,
one morning, as they were looking at the
deep-green waving corn, growing so rankly
therein. "Plowed deep! plowed deep!"
answered he, "there is nothing like plowing
deep, and thoroughly pulverizing the soil,
to bring good crops in all kinds of weather."
That field had been used as a meadow some
fifteen years, producing half a ton of hay
to the acre. We broke it up deep, planted
one year, sowed oats the next with clover
and timothy, and the third cut two tons
to the acre.

Another field has been used for oats the
same length of time. We plowed, but
had poor oats, as so much deep, new soil
was turned up, never having been exposed
to the weather, a hard and almost impen-
etrable crust having been formed at the
depth of three or four inches, where the
plow had scraped for years. As soon
as possible, we grazed it, and had excellent
meadows, where others thought nothing
but a bad weed, called devil-gut, could
grow. All the pasture land had a vigor-
ous growth of elders on, but we fixed them
by plowing, and carefully picking up the
roots drawing them in piles to some large
log or stump heap, and enjoying a beautiful
bonfire after they had become well dried
so ended all trouble with our "elders,"
but not better, as they had failed to estab-
lish themselves in our estimation.

Cor. Ohio Farmer.

Hor Buds.—Some gardeners make beds
on the level ground, but it is always safest
to make them in pits from eighteen inches
to two feet deep; in order to do this, the
pits should be dug in autumn, or a heap of
dung may be deposited on the ground in-
tended for the beds before the frost sets in,
and good earth may be obtained from the
pits without difficulty.

The frames should be made of good
sound planks; the back plank may be two
feet wide, and the end ones may be so sloped
as to make a fifteen inch plank do for
the front. A frame calculated for four
sashes, of three feet in width by six in
length, as above described, should be nearly
thirteen feet long, and about six broad at
the top.

The frame being set over the pit, and
properly fastened, the fresh dung should be
spread regularly in the pit to the depth
of twenty to twenty-four inches; if the
dung be in a good heating condition, cover
it six or eight inches deep with mould,
then lay on the sashes, and protect the beds
from the inclemency of the weather. In
two or three days the rank steam will pass
off; it will then be necessary to stir the
mould before the seed be sown, to prevent
the growth of young weeds that may be
germinating; then sow the seed either in
shallow drills or broadcast, as equally as
possible, reserving a small quantity of the
warm mould to be sown lightly over the
seed.—Bridgman's Gardener's Assistant.

Geo. E. Allan writing to the Plough-
man reports a successful case of sur-
gery. The case was suppuration, caused by
the generation of gas in the stomach of
a cow from eating too many rotten apples.
He says:—

Finding all my efforts to remove the
difficulty, unavailing, and she growing
worse rapidly, I called in a Dr. who very
quickly decided that nothing but tapping
would save her, and with my consent he
made an incision directly into the Rumens,
or first stomach, just in front of the hip
upon the left side; and introducing a
small tube, such an escape of gas took
place as would astonish even our modern
politicians. But the result was all we
could desire, the swelling went down at
once, and the cow was worth forty dollars
more than before the operation. Those
who witnessed the case, and some were
old farmers, pronounced the operation
entirely new to them, and thinking many
others in the same situation desired me to
report the case for your valuable paper.

Hedging.—The subject of hedging is
one of much importance to the farmer and
builder. When we estimate the beauty,
cheapness, and durability of the hedge, we
wonder that so much indifference should
be found in regard to its growth. The
hedge fence is equally adapted to dooryards,
gardens, and fields.

Bones are a good manure. Crushed
bones operate sooner than the uncrushed.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is a peculiar vice of our age and coun-
try to put a false estimate on the mere
acquisition of riches. I do not, either
undervalue wealth or the diligence and
enterprise so often exercised in the attain-
ment. I would not say a word to throw
doubt on the importance of acquiring such
a measure of this world's goods as to ren-
der one independent and able to assist
others. The young man who thinks he
can amuse or employ himself as he sees
fit, at the same time throwing the burden
of his support upon others, or leading a
precipitous life on the verge of debt and
bankruptcy, is dishonored to his species.

But I assert that the too common mistake,
which makes men look upon the acquisition
of a fortune, or having a fine and
fashionable house, as constituting the
success in life, is pernicious. Success
in life consists in the proper and harmoni-
ous development of those faculties which
God has given us. Now we have facul-
ties more important to our welfare than
that of making money—faculties more
conducive to our happiness, and our health
of body and soul. There are higher and
better modes of activity than those which
are exhibited in multiplying dollars. Men
can leave their children a better patrimony
than money; they can leave them the
worth of a good example, good habits, a
religious faith, a true estimate of the
desirable things of this life; resource of
mind and heart which will shed sunshine
on adversity, and give a grace to a prosper-
ous fortune. It is no wealth which is
deserving of homage, but the virtues which
a man exercises in the slow pursuit of it—
the abilities so called forth, the self-denials
so imposed.

I have heard of two brothers, whose
father died, leaving them five hundred
dollars apiece.

"I will take this money and make my-
self a rich man," said Henry the younger
brother.

"I will take this money and make my-
self a good man," said George, the elder.

Henry, who knew the multiplication table
only, abandoned all thoughts of going to
school, and began by peddling in a very
small way, over the country. He was
cheerful, and quick to learn whatever he
gave his attention to, and he gave all his
attention to making money. He suc-
ceeded. In one year his five hundred
dollars had become a thousand. In five
years it had grown to be twenty thousand,
and at the age of fifty he was worth a mil-
lion. George remembered the words of a
wise man—"With thy gettings get under-
standing." He spent two-thirds of his
money in going to school, and acquiring a
taste for solid knowledge. He then spent
the remainder of his patrimony in purchas-
ing a few acres of land in the neighbor-
hood of a thriving city. He resolved on
being a farmer.

After a lapse of thirty-five years the two
brothers met. It was at George's house.—
A bright, vigorous, alert man was George,
tho' upwards of fifty-five years old. Henry,
tho' several years younger, was very infirm.
He had kept in the counting room long
after the doctors had warned him to give
up business, and now he found himself
stricken in health beyond repair. But this
was not the worst. He was out of his ele-
ment when not making money. George
took him into the library and showed him
a fine collection of books. Poor Henry had
never cultivated a taste for reading. He
looked upon books with no more interest
than he would have looked upon so many
bricks. George took him into his garden,
but Henry began to cough, and said he
was afraid of the East wind. When George
pointed out to him a beautiful elm, he only
cried "Pshaw!" George took him into his
green house and talked with enthusiasm of
some flowers, which seemed to give the
former great pleasure. Henry shrugged
his shoulders and yawned, saying, "Ah! I
don't care for these things."

George asked him if he was fond of
paintings and engravings.

"No! no!—don't trouble yourself,"
said Henry. "I can't tell one daub from
another."

"Well, you shall hear my daughter
Edith play on the piano; she is no ordinary
performer, I assure you."

"Now don't, brother, don't, if you love
me," said Henry, beseechingly. "I never
could endure music."

"But what can I do to amuse you? Will
you take a ride?"

"I am afraid of a horse. But if you will
drive me carefully down to your village
Bank, I will stop and have a chat with the
President."

Poor Henry! Money was uppermost in
his mind. To it he sacrificed every other
good thing. When, a few days afterwards,
in parting from his farmer brother, he
said:

"George, you can just support yourself
comfortable on the interest of your money,
and I have got enough to buy up the whole
of your town, Bank and all—and yet your
life has been a success, and mine a dead
failure." Sad, but true words.

We insert the following communication
as an advertisement, and deem it unneces-
sary to make any comments on the subject-
matter, having already gone over the
ground several times.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

Mr. Editor:—

Please allow me a small place in your
valuable paper, that I may utter a few thoughts,
which are truths; which are facts; upon the
subject of Fishing; facts, I am satisfied, cannot
be successfully contradicted. I make not the re-
marks which follow, to invite discussion, for I
have not the ability to write, or time to do it. I
can talk upon the subject a great deal better than
I can write upon it, having been busy a very long
time inside of a school room; therefore, it is
hard work for me to write, yet the fishing busi-
ness I know like a book, having followed it for 40
years. Having wandered and summered it, and
paid very particular attention to it, I profess to
know something about it; and I like to have said,
what I don't know about fishing, the migration
and habits of fish in the waters of Rhode Island,
is not worth knowing. I don't say this boast-
ingly, because there are other good fishermen in
this State that know much about the business,
and are very valuable citizens to the State. I
make no war with them; yet it is a lamentable
fact, that there is a certain class and portion of
your citizens, and of this State, that have ac-
quired in print and out-door talk, upon this sub-
ject, and have thereby raised quite an excitement,
and yet, I fear, those persons know but a very
little about it; never having the practice and ex-
perience as persons that have followed fishing
scores of years.

Dear Sir, I am very sorry to say, but it is a
fact, some of your people can hardly trust me
civilly, or with respect, when I visit your city on
business. They say I am a wicked fisherman.
Tallman, that kills all the fish, and they have
within the past year got up a number of petitions
to the Hon. General Assembly, to pass an act to
stop me and my neighbors from catching fish;
alleging as a reason for so doing, that we were
destroying all the hook fish, especially the tautog.
And many of the petitioners have signed two
petitions upon the same subject, to the same As-
sembly. Now I don't think this fair. I should
think persons should be satisfied by having the
privilege of coming out to the same Assembly,
upon the same subject, in the same year. But
they being satisfied with all this petitioning,
they must need request or engage the services
of two of your most conspicuous citizens to
write to the General Assembly, or to members
of the G. Assembly, relative to this matter, &c.
But to proceed. Sir, we are charged with the
serious crime of destroying the hook fish in the
waters of Narragansett Bay. Now I deny the
charge, and have to show your readers, to their
satisfaction, I think, that we do not do any such
thing. In the first place, we don't go into your
Bay to catch a single hook fish. We, the fish-
ermen of Portsmouth, one hundred and thirty
years ago, first, honest men, leave our peaceful
dwellings and families about the 20th of April,
for about five weeks take our stand at old
Seacoast Point, out there, on Uncle Sam's old
rolling Ocean, and there, night and day, do we
perform such labor as few men can endure.—
And all for what? Why, to feed and clothe our
families, and to bless mankind by the products of
our unceasing labor. I say we take our stand at
old Seacoast Point—the southeastern extremity
of the waters of Rhode Island—and there take
some few in number; few indeed, when compared
with the mighty ocean of fish that pass by the
Point. One, perhaps, in a million, do we take;
for I have seen very large shoals of scuppers
as many as 1000 barrels in a shoal—go by the Point
for several weeks together, going to the east-
ward, and in all probability would, in less than
one hour, be in the waters of Massachusetts.—
We take these fish that God, in his infinite wis-
dom and love, has sent us to, in this opportu-
nity, in the months of April and May, when all
the people want them—for it will be remem-
bered that, but few fish bite at the hook at this
early season of the year—and all kinds of pro-
visions command too great a price for the poor to
get much. Yes, sir, we catch the fish that is
passing by our coast, and send them broadcast
all over the Northern States, from Maine to
Pennsylvania, all over the great State of New
York, and every town and village in this State
is plentifully supplied with fresh fish, and that,
too, at a very low price; for we sell seven pounds
of good pan-fish for one cent. They are then
taken by the persons that buy them of us, all
over the State and Nation, and when they come
to the consumer he will pay one cent per pound.
Now isn't this wicked business, to supply the
poor and needy with fish at this cheap rate?—
Yes, sir, isn't this wicked to scoop out of the
ocean some of the immense treasures that are
therein? Treasures, did I say? Yes. Treas-
ures moving through, and so much the more
need of our securing it as it comes to us. For if
not taken at the time, it is lost to us forever,
and some other people receive the great boon.—
These fish come from the south and west; many
of them enter our western Bays and rivers; yes,
there is any quantity of them in the Bays in the
month of May. Now, why don't they stay there?
We don't trouble them; we don't go there; there
is nobody else that does, excepting, perhaps,
a few little boys, and some deceitful old men, who
may from time to time catch a few with some
small nets. No, sir, we don't molest them; they
leave the rivers when they get ready, and mil-
lions on the back of millions of barrels pass by
Fort Adams, within a few rods of it, and your
people have seen them and know this to be a
fact. Now, if the people that have made such a
hue and cry about the destruction of fish, would
have icebergs imported from the Arctic Ocean,
or somewhere else, and when the Bay gets full of
hook fish (horse mackerel) excepted) then chain
them together and place them at the mouths of
the rivers, it would answer a double purpose of
keeping the scuppers and other fish in the rivers, and
keep the horse mackerel out. Yes, sir, keep the
horse mackerel out; which, by the way, I think,
does more mischief, and injures the hook fishing
more than all the scuppers put together, and people
will find it to be the fact one of these days.

Mr. Editor, I visit your city about once a week,
and it appears to me that some of your people
are crazy, and I ask them who hath bewitched
them. Why, they say, "Capt. Bess, you are
catching all the tautog and wasting them on the
land!" Well, now sir, it is no such thing. All
the tautog were bargained for before. They were
caught for three cents per pound, and all that
was caught at Seacoast Point last spring, would
not weigh three thousand pounds. There was

more than one hundred men engaged in catching
these, and were more than five weeks about it;
the amount then would be a little less than ninety
dollars. Take out one-third for boat and seine
share, and then divide the balance into one hun-
dred parts and see how much it would be to each
man. Now, sir, these are the facts in the case.
With regard to the tautog, I can prove it by the
company that bought the fish, and by our books.
For my life I can't see what has taken possession
of your people. We have always treated you
well. Your people get about \$20,000 of our
hard earned money every year, and I don't think
we merit such treatment at their hands. I am
thankful there is one exception in the fishery. The
persons generally that follow the hook fishing for
a living, treat me well, and say to me, we are
satisfied with what you and your neighbors catch
at Seacoast Point isn't a scrap in a whale's
belly; and they tell me there has been as many
tautogs caught, and more this year than formerly.
I know it is so in the Providence river and other
great waters of the State. I guess, for I don't
state it to be a fact, that in this there has been
tongue upon the back of tons, of tautog and other
hook fish caught by your fishermen the past year,
boxed up and sent to New York, and then your
people complain to the General Assembly that
we have so much destroyed the fishing, that there
could not be enough caught to supply your
market. Well, if that were true, it would be a
dreadful thing; would it not? I suppose the
people of your large city would be glad to have
me supply them with fresh menhaden from the
25th of July until the 1st of November. O, yes,
Capt. Bess, you must catch but for us next
year, just as you did last year. We can't do with-
out them. We should not have half so many
rich men come to see us, if we could not get your
fish menhaden. O, no, Capt. Bess; you must
not fail us in this bait business. I guess the
General Assembly will not trouble you, &c. &c.
Well, Mr. Editor, a man must have a good deal
of religion to bleed his enemies; don't you think
he must? Well, I have serious doubts in my
mind whether we shall be able to have sufficient
to catch but for your next year, if we should like.
I think, on the whole, your people better get up
some boats and seines so as to be ready, in case
we, as a body of fishermen, should not have
grace enough to do good for evil.

It is said we catch fish in the spawning season.
Well, now, what a charge that is to make; just
as though the fish did not spawn only in May.—
Ask any hook fisherman, or any person that is in
the practice of dressing many fish, and they will
tell you and anybody else, that there is not a day
or week in the whole year, but some of the fish
they so dress are all ready to spawn. Yes, sir;
you may take 10 or 15 tautogs or scuppers, no matter
what size they are, take them just as they come,
and at any time of the year, and you will find it
just as I tell you, some of every lot is apparently
ready to spawn. Now, this is a fact. It can't
be successfully contradicted. And just so with
menhaden fish. I have seen men dress fish, that
kinds that I have named, from the 1st day of
April until the 1st day of December, and don't
find the fish as I have stated, I will humbly ac-
knowledge that I don't know anything about fish.
Dear Sir, I should be happy to become ac-
quainted with the man in your city that knows
the most about fish. I don't think I have seen
him yet. Although I have seen Mr. G.—W.—
T.—, and talked with him about this business,
yet I don't think he knows much about it. Head
him in his letter to the Honorable members of
the General Assembly, relative to the habits and
location of tautog. He says "they are old fogies."
They never have changed, and never wish to
change; that they belong to the coast of Rhode
Island; and here they will remain, if those that
seize them will let them alone, to be taken with
the hook and line—the only way in which the
Maker of the universe meant they should be
caught." Well, now sir, is not that wonderful
knowledge! This is not all he knows. He says
"15 years ago tautogs were not known to the
eastward of Seacoast Point." Well, sir, that
knowledge is just like thousands of others in this
State; and the knowledge of the very men, too,
that made so much fuss about myself and neigh-
bors taking fish at Seacoast Point, when there
is not one man, perhaps, out of a hundred that
talk about our business, dare to put his head
out. Yes, yes; 15 years ago, says Mr. T.—, tautogs
were not known to the eastward of Seacoast
Point. Well, now, he knows as much about that
as the man did who said the moon was made of
green cheese. Sir, I followed the hook fishing
business to the eastward of Seacoast Point
more than 30 years ago, and then and there
caught yearly, tons of tautog. I think Mr.
T.—, better inform himself upon this business.
Before he writes again to the Hon. members of
an Assembly, he better read the little book by the
title of the Tautog War, wrote by the one named
man, John Hoxie, and on page 121 he will see
that tautogs were caught a great many years ago
in the Vineyard Sound, and no doubt caught
there long before John Hoxie, who was so often
chased by the British man-of-war Nimrod, and
other craft. Mr. Hoxie, speaking of his capture
by the British, and his fish after taken away from
him, says—"I now thought I would venture
to run down to the Elizabeth Islands and try my
luck in catching black fish, (tautog) they being
very abundant there." Well, sir, I could bring
hundreds of men that have caught tautogs more
than 40 years ago down to the eastward of Seacoast
Point. But enough. Mr. T.— is in
error; and so is a great many others who speak
about something they don't know much, or any-
thing of.

Well, sir, I fear I shall try you and your
readers patient, and yet I have not said half
what I want to say. I did desire to say some-
thing about the filthiness of our waters, becom-
ing so more and more every year by the poison-
ous nature of the fluids and fish that comes from
every report, from every manufacturing village
in this State almost, and of the destruction of
the food for fish. And there is Mr. T.— yet
I have not done with him, because his views of
fish are not correct. I have not time, neither
space, to say in this communication what I wish
to say, therefore I will close by wishing the
interposition of the Gods, and request them to
send us very many fish next year.

Yours very respectfully,
BENJAMIN TALLMAN.

Portsmouth, March 1856.

DEFINITION OF GENIUS.—The true ge-
nius is a mind of large general power,
accidentally determined in some particular
direction.—Dr. Johnson.

Laws of R. Island.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, AND PRO-
VIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

In General Assembly, January Session, A. D. 1856.

An Act to regulate the Police of the Town of
Warren.

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. Each and every person who shall
be found intoxicated, or revelling or quarrelling,
or fighting, or raising any false cry or alarm,
or otherwise behaving in a disorderly man-
ner, to the disturbance of the peaceable inha-
bitants of said town of Warren, or any portion of
them, in any of the public streets or lanes, or up-
on any of the wharves, or upon or in any other
public places in said town; or shall aid or as-
sist, encourage or promote the same to be done,
shall, on conviction thereof, be sentenced to pay
to the use of the said town, a fine not exceeding
ten dollars, nor less than one dollar, and all costs
of prosecution and conviction, or be imprisoned
in jail in the county of Bristol, not exceeding ten
days.

Section 2. The Town Council of the said town
are hereby authorized to select such and so many
persons, special constables, as they may
deem expedient, who shall have power to arrest
and take into custody any person whom they
shall find violating any of the provisions of this
Act. And it shall be their duty, as soon as prac-
ticable, after the arrest of any such person, to
bring him or her before some Justice of the Peace
of said town for trial.

Section 3. All prosecutions for any offence
against this Act, shall be by complaint and writ
in the name of the State, before some Justice
of the Peace of said town, and shall be commenced
as nearly as may be to proceedings provided by
law in other criminal cases within the jurisdic-
tion of a Justice of the Peace to try and deter-
mine.

Section 4. Any person who shall be aggrieved
by any sentence of a Justice of the Peace, pro-
nounced against him for any offence against this
Act, may appeal therefrom like terms and condi-
tions. And it shall be the duty of the Justice of
the Peace, on a sentence of a Justice of the Peace in other
criminal cases.

Section

Similar to those of former years.

—SENATOR JAMES, says Washington correspondent has introduced a bill into the United States Senate providing for the transfer of the Navy Yard at Charleston, to Newport, R. I.

The last cargo of rice direct from Madagascar arrived at Liverpool on the 15th.

ter to Mrs. Outley in a cup of tea
quantity of arsenic. The accused was
resisted and committed to jail at Tientsin
for trial. The parties are Irish.

A man who don't take a newspaper
not only poor but always likely to be so.
The less men know the less they learn.
Folks who labor for seventy-five cents
day always sign their name with an X.

The War Department has ordered Guernsey Island, in New York harbor, to be put in a state of war defence.

House.—The committee on Education reported favorably upon the petition of L. Weaver and others, for act of incorporation as the Third Freewill Baptist Church in Providence. Granted and set aside.

